"THE EVENING WORLD" NEWSBOYS AT THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

The Actors and Actresses in "Harbor Lights" Greeted by the Most Enthusiastic Audience Ever Seen in New York-How the Boys Enjoyed and Criticised the Play-Cheers for "The Evening World."



washed faces and smiles of all sizes and de-

scriptions. There was the ingenious young shaver who

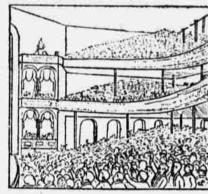
invariably exhorts you to buy his last paper. railroad cherub, who treads on your pet corn in the street cars and thinks you ought to apologize to him for it; there was the considerate youth who awakem you from a street reverie with the shrill, awful amouncement of some miceous citater ophe, and there was the time your ways and or who presists in follow. the tiny young vender who persists in follow-ing you till you buy from him. It was a study to watch these newsboys, a

play they saw was Sim's and Pettitt's "Harplay they saw was Sim's and Pettitt's "Harion Lights," which suited them as though it
had been written for their express benefit.

How those boys enjoyed the sentimental
portions of the play! Didn't they cheer
when Lieth. David Kingsley, H. N., begged
pretty Dora Vane to "let me look into those
eyes!" A sympatictic hush ran through
their midst when Kingsley told Dora that he
had carried her little wedding-ring all round
the world to remind him of her.

"Ah," said Dora, poutingly, "are you sure
you didn't carry the ring round the world so
that you might find some one else to wear
it?" That repartee convulsed the newsboys.
They cheered Dora. They cheered Kingsley.
They were completely captured.

They were completely captured.



SCENE IN THE THEATRE

What a depth of hate they felt for Heavy Villain Morland, and with what a laugh they always greeted the entrance of Quartermaster

always greeted the entrance of Quartermaster
Tom Dossiter, who had something funny to
say in every speech, and some ludicrous
picture to exhibit!

It was good to see. It was an utterly novel
audience, and actors and actresses never had
a more supremely satisfied and attentive one.

At the end of the first act Sidney Howard
appearant before the contain and told the ppeared before the curtain and told the boys in verse why they were there, and how he had been instructed to give

To every boy who bought THE WORLD An evening full of sport.

Then he proposed "Three cheers for Three cheers for Three cheers for Three cheers for a moment as though one more cheer would have felled Miner's Theatre to the ground. Such a round of cheering surely was never heard. Tenny son's cannons were not the only things in this world that yolleyed and the closed. The newsboys rivalled the cannons, the only difference being that the vollying of the cannons meant death and destruction, while that of the newsboys signified life, happiness and

of the newsboys signified life, happiness and good will.

The same of a concession fine or frights.

There are blase audiences who do not regret that fact. The newsboys lest night however, wearn have been rejuced had there been twenty five. It was all too short for them.

They understood arguinhag. The lift contemptuous allusion to the Thistle sent them into paroxysms of laughter the instant it was uttered and every other local touch caught with wonderful spontaneity.

Coal her agorgeous scenery eyoked "Ohe".

Coat her's gorgeous scenery ey oked "Ohs".
orn of awe and surprise. "The deck of H.
I. S. Britannic." "The Old Hall," "The M. S. Britannic," "The Old Hall," "The Bay at Night" and other scenic attrac-fions were never gazed upon by a rounder, more amazed set of eyes. It was an orderly audience, too. The

presence of a large number of police probably had little influence on the behavior of the

Why Adam Melton Married His Housekeeper.



on hearing, when I re. turned to America, that Adam Melton had married his housekeeper.

living in retired happiness somewhere uples town on a French flat.

Molton, of all others, was the friend that I should have sought out immediately on my Island. We were channelted young and as intimate as I suppose it is possible for two young ment to be. And yet I did not call on him for a week. I felt that his marriage had in some way cancelled my obligations; that it was a violation of our friend happiness somewhere uples which had a quaint old chair before the blazing grate for him.

Heavens, what a gap ton years makes in our lives! When Kohan came in we looked at each other half a minute in silence and slightly round shouldered, whose soft chestout hair was flecked with tufts of white chestout hai

newsboys. They were too delighted and too grateful to turn to thoughts of disorder. Between the acts a few of them wanted to smoke cigarettes in the open air, but when they were informed that once out they must stay out, the cigarettes became of vasily little moment. They were in their seats the moment the curtain rose in attitudes of attention.

tention.

The actors and actresses certainly did
"Harbor Lights" full justice. They evidently felt that they were playing before an
extraordinarily interested audience, and
everyone knows that a good audience exerts
a favorable influence on the actors. Miss
Helen Weathersby cast many glances at the

in this city."

Another dog winch has gone completely out of fashion in late years, which formerly occupied a very high place in public estimation, is the black and tan terrier. There was a time when these little miletes were almost the only species of dog that were kept as household point brightness, intelligence, good nature and docility made them universal favorites. Why they should have fallen so completely out of sight cannot be recontact for except than ML-ders in turbing their attention more to other varieties neglected to breed them. It is said, however, that a movement is on foot to start in breeding the Atlantic.

Tables stowe has made it. He was one of Barnum's most energedic sense by claborately compiling adjectival bills of plessing warnath. Air. Miner has engaged Mr. Stowe as Mrs. Potter's business manager. As soon as are massen is ended, he will return to the circus. From Barnum he came, and to Ramour will be return. Mrs. Potter, at any rate, will be billed through the country by one who understands the art, and during her season. Mr. Stowe must not reserve to make the season of the start in breeding the very small variety again on this side of the Atlantic.

SOME WALL STREET HEAD-GEAR.

Henry Clews invariably covers his head with a tile that vies in brilliancy with his shiny bald poll.

The battered slouch hat worn by Deacon S. V. White is one of the notable and picturesque features of the street.

John Hine, jr.'s new silk tile of the most extreme style, is the recipient of frequent and flattering attention from the members. Charley Johnes buys his hats by the dozen and does not confine himself to any particu-lar style. He is always up to the latest thing

Jay Gould is not particular about being in the style, and his silk hat looks as if it might have seen anywhere from three to five years'

C. E. Carroll, with his well-worn tan-colored tile, presents a lonely and melan-choly spectacle as he waits for a charge of weather. A coquettish, narrow-brimmed Derby is a favorite with President Smith, of the Stock

Exchange, who wears it with a yachtsman's heer to port.

E. W. Timpson now sports a light cream-colored hat of nondescript style, but what it lacks in seasonableness it makes up in pic-The peculiarity about J. B. Metcalfe's hat

is that it is always about two sizes too large for him. Just now he is partially con-cealing himself under a square-topped Derby. Secretary Ely, who is famous for the gorgeousness of his raiment, is rather quiet in the matter of hats. He wears a regulation Derby, the only feature of which is perennial freshness.

T. G. Rigney has introduced a new style of head-gear for down-town wear in the shape of a mohair skull-cap, were on the back of his Dead, W all angle with the base-line of the neck. He claims that it is English, but the street accepts this statement under protest.

Better Fair Wages Than Tips The porter of the f Tyboat New Tersey is somewhat philosophical. He tninks it is preferable to be a porter on a ferryboat than on a Pullman car, notwithstanding the fact that there is much dirt to remove from the

I tell you, boss," said he, " it's heaps bet-I tell you, boss," said he, "it's heaps better bere. Here you can soule a this week to somebody without their thinking you want a nickel or a dime. On the Pullmans de present this you've all the time after tips. There an't no tips on dese boats, except when you get tipped off if yer ain't right up to der mark. But it's better than to have neople think all der while you're a high-toned neugar. Give dis chile a rood, source allege and he don't want no tips."

What They Remind Him Of. [From the Pitteburg Chronicle.]

remarked the Judge,
"Why ?" asked the Major,
"Because they always go for blood,"

LIFE AS SHOWN BY PLAYERS

POISON THE BAIT OF "THE MOUSE TRAP OPENED AT WALLACK'S.

Mrs. Potter's Resources Increased by Barnum's Adjective-Slinger - An American Dramatic Author Who Has a Show-Theatre Bexes Where Ladies May Be Seen



American dramatic authors are always complaining that they have no "show, and that foreigners supply this country with theatrical wares. There is one American author, however, who ought to be satisfied, and he is David Belasco. Miss Lotta is at present playing his "Pawn Ticket No. 210;" George Knight will shortly appear in "Rudolphe," which Mr. Belasco claims in conjunction with Bronson Howard. "The Wife," by Belasco and De Mille, is to be given at the Lyceum Theatre. Jeffreys Lewis is now playing in "La Belle Russe," by Belasco. "May Blossom" is touring through the East, and a melodrama, by the same anthor, entitled "Under the Polar Star," is to be brought out here in the spring.

brought out here in the spring.

There is not the least doubt in the minds of those regularly addicted to theatres that ladies who occupy private boxes do so not only that they may see, but that they may be seen. Several managers, students of human nature, have become aware of that fact, and have so constructed the boxes that the fair occupants are distinctly visible to the house. Henry E. Abbey, a consummate student of human nature, has made this arrangementat Wallack's. The stage has been shortened, so that the boxes can be more prominently visible, and the ladies can be thoroughly happy. Of course there is no theatre yet which has boxes so contrived that natty little shoes may be exhibited, but the time, it is confidently expected, is not far off. pected, is not far off.

Dixey's costumes in the coming production Dixey's costumes in the coming production of "Conrad, the Corsair," at the Bijou, are as much a subject of anxiety to him as though he were Sarah Bernhardt. His first dress is of chocolate and crimson trimmed with gold; the second of pale pink India silk, showered with pearls, with cloth of silver let in the sleeves; the third is a monastic habit and cowl of chocolate plush, lined with canary satin; the fourth, a blending of lavender and crimson, while the last is a wedding dress of embossed cream velvet.

"Arthur 4." Which is described as a play of "strong positive effects"—whatever that may mean—wil be the attraction at the Grand Opera-House next Monday, with Clara Morris in the rôle of Cora. "Renée," "The New Magdalen" and "Alixe" will also be given.

"Alixe" will also be given.

"as positively detailed hist high that "The
Great Pink Peart" eache ast to continued at the
Lyceum Theatre after Nov. 1. Mr. Frohman
is anxious to secure another theatre here where
the play can be continued with "Editha's Burglar." Mr. Field, of the Boston Museum, has made
ap offer to present those plays #1 his Dacte-with
his regular stock company. Nothing positive has
been decided, however.

He Liked the Name. [From the Kaneas City Pimes.] pass your decilning days if you continue drinking?
Confirmed toper—At Bar Harbor, if I can get there.

---- Avoid Stance Don't wreak your spite until after you've slept;
The wrong may look changed in the morning;
The repose of the night may its influence shed
On the cause of your anger and scorning.
Last evening I siept o'er a slight I endured,
I was ruffled, but shrouded all traces;
My spirit was changed in the morn. I was ruffed, but shrouded all traces; My spirit was changed in the morn, and I went— And I licked my aggressor like blazes :

total a season and married

SHE WILL NOT FLIRT AGAIN.

It Was a Horsh Remedy, but It Was Evidently Effective. iFrom the Chicago Heraid,]
One of the most original and effective methods

of curing the desire on the part of many of the fair sex for innocent firtation was related recently by a rising young attorney, whose office is within "Marbor Lights," full justice. They evifreening World."

Freening World."

HREE was no room for
the pessimist or the
cynic at the People's
The star last night
the pessimist or the
constitution, with no
flamboyant generosity.
The man with no enthusiasm about his
flamboyant generosity.

No WONDER HE LORS GLOOM.

No WONDER HE LORS GLOOM.

No WONDER HE LORS GLOOM.

No with in his nature—if such
an individual were
an individual stone's throw of the Court-House. The young lady in question is well educated, accomplished and beautiful, and the daughter of a prominent phy-

odious and disgusting attentions were to be borne yet awhite.

A street-car was pressed into service and the couple alighted at C street, and a few moments after coaby landed his passenger on the same corner. My legal friend followed the couple, a few paces behind, determined to be on hand to defend his late companion in case the low-browed habitue of the shady portions of the town should offer her any insuits. His presence was opportune, and by a few well-directed blows spoiled the dandy's complexion who, same it to say, made lively time around the corner. The young lady, true to woman's instincts, enacted the rest of the tragedy by fainting, and my friend had the romantic pleasure of taking her home in the manner customary in cases of suspended vitality. The conception of the plot was rather harsh and deliberate, but that young lady has had indelibly stamped upon her soul a lesson of the greatest moral importance.

NEW FADS IN FURNITURE.

White mahogany is making itself respected as a suitable wood for choice cabinets, tables and writing-desks.

Carved Venetian furniture is being import ed this season in large quantities. It is all hand-work in direct imitation of the antique. Valuable Aubusson tapestries are for the time putting even Gobelin into the shade for hangings, and also for chair and couch cover-

Fully five out of ten of all the new houses that come under the head of magnificent have walls that are done in silk, either panelled or fluted, in lieu of any other decoration.

The dragon-shaped couches have evidently met St. George in every good shop in town, for they have vanished. You see them on the sidewalk placarded a "bargain," but find them in a fine shop, never!

nr. Jok Hier picture.

There is not the slightest doubt as to what is the general fashion in expensive house-furnishing just at present. Everything that is is French, and ideas handed down from the reigns of Louis the Founteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth. We adopted Fuglish fashions long enough to get a little sense about what was suitable and honest, and now we have come back to France for their grace and art. For delicacy in art, as in literature, France still leads the willing world.

Alle Had Him Sh von Young husband-Maria, what kind of a leathery mesa do you call this?

Young wife-This, George, is a French pudding

A Great Curiosity.

[From the Richmond Disputch.]
A man has been jailed in Philadelphia for roboing a hackman of that city. His future is assured. It is safe to say that the dime museums will not le allp such an opportunity to secure a great curiosity education, friends and money. I nevertheless education, friends and money. I nevertheless feel that you will compliment me on my judgment, and respect the woman of my choice when you have listened to me. My story will lack the variety and color of your charming tale of personal adventure, but it is fraught with curious interest. You will probably recall the circumstances of our last year at school—my intense application to study, the honors I won—and the subsequent connection with Drexel & Banks. I believe few young men enter life with brighter prospects than mine appeared to the world to be. If I was not passionately in love with Jenny Featherstonaugh I certainly admired her, and there at that time appeared to be no bar to our

STREAM, TRACK AND RING.

THE COMING INDOOR MEETINGS OF AMA-TEUR ATHLETES.

ne Reasons Why Changes Should be Made by the Managers of Trotting Meetings-Sexton Talks of Slosson - Kilrain's Chances of Whipping Smith-A Cruel



Morse, one of the strongest members of the New York Athletic Club, was, handing array with first footsall once with his right and was much surprised by a little exhibition an expugilist gave him. The boxer showed Morse in less than a minute something the presewing always thought impossible — how he could hit the ball with his left just as hard ar with ins right and with much less exertion.

Two efforts have been made within the last work to get on a match for the clever Scottish-American Athletic Club boy, Jimmy Larkin. When Jarkin won the 120-pound amateur championship a year ago, he knocked out three strong reposents a one _ ht. Another attempt will be made to-morrow.

Billy Sexton says he does not think the series of billiard tournaments in contemplation will be arranged. "Slosson is too much of a hog as usual. He wants to have the best sewill be arranged. "Slosson is too much of a hog as usual. He wants to have the best se-ries played in Chicago, and he must manage all the Western games. Think I'll be matched to-night or to-morrow with Daly to play cushion earoms, 500 points up, for \$4,000 a side, in four weeks. Dave Gideon, the book-maker, will back Daly, and my partner, Hen. Stedeker, will put up for me."

only way to revive trotting in New The only way to revive trotting in New York is to imitate the running race-course. Only a fortnight ago the drivers on one of the Eastern Circuit tracks—Hartford, I think, gave up driving in overalls and donned regular costumes. The change was a success. A still better one would be to drop heat races and adopt dashes at different distances. Mr. Robert Bonner, Johnny Murphy, L. H. Hurd, Hiram Smith and others say dashes would have a bad effect on the breed of trotters. They surely wouldn't think a horse a poor one that could trot two miles in 5 minutes, or even in 5.14, as Mr. Grosscup's cross-matched team did several years ago. There could be mile, mile and a half and three and four or even five-mile trotting races, which would draw immense crowds, be finished earlier and pay better than these wearysome heat races. Another good thing for the trotting turf would be the abolition of the sulky. Have trots in this country as they do in ting turf would be the abolition of the sulky. Have trots in this country as they do in England to saddle. If the Gentlemen's Driving Club instead of giving the \$5,000 they lately hung up for a three days' wretchedly attended meeting, had put the some amount into a one or two days' race meet without barring out any cracks, but giving their money to horsessomebody wants to see, people would have made the trip to Fleetwood rather than to Jerome.

The really artistic housekeeper heightens the picturesque effect of her dining-table by placing the men in low chairs, or rather chairs with low backs, while each fair woman is framed in by a tall carved, straight-backed chair that reaches above her head. In this way the men are free to turn and talk at their pleasure, while the only duty of his beautiful neighbor is to lean apon the ready support in the last their pleasure. While the only duty of his beautiful as Greenfield could deliver and kept bustling the old mantil he had bun tived. If wasn't all smith by any means though, if I wash't all Smith by any means though, if I am informed correctly by eye-witnesses, when the mob broke in the ring. Mitchell, if he were anything like as much of a fighter as he is a boxer, could lick Jem Smith, and Kilrair a mas to so very well with Mitchell. I dow't farcy kilrain's build ac a fighter. Most of the great puglisists, Morrisey, Mace, Sayers, Goss and Sullivan, we will mention, are well under 6 feet. It's a physiological fact that men with such long backbones haven't got the cindurance of stockier-built folks. About Dempsey and Heagan?

If Drimmer, it is that the way people thought once when Edwards and College were matched for the first best the tilt's a mighty cruel fight the middle weights are matched for, skin-tight gloves or hare hands, London prize-ring rules, and probably on a bread fleer. n't all Smith by any means though, if

A Slip of the Tongue.

[From the St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.]
Fond ma-Lookee hyar, Lucindy, I down want to hear you callin' me mudder an' yo' pa, fadder, no mo. Dat soun's too much like some er dese yar white trash ise hearn.
Fond daughter—Sense me dis time, mamma.
Hit was a silp er de lapsus lingum. Ise jis as
'shame' of it ez you is.

and long before that day curious symptoms of what I conceived to be cerebral disorder had made themselves felt. They took the form of what we call familiarly 'absence of mind,' though they were not fits of abstraction, but rather moments of blank unconsciousness. The first attack was about six weeks previous to our breaking up. I was out walking and studying in Marx's Grove. It was just 9 o'clock, for I was in the act of putting my watch in my pocket, when an awful sensation crept over me of moral fear. Something was taking place in my body which made my soul shudder, but which affected none of my senses. I was conscious, to speak properly, but was

PROFESSIONAL PALL BEARING. Gloomy Trade, but Very Ensy and Eminestly Respectable.

(From the Philadelphia News.) He was a gloomy-looking sort of person and his ace wore an expression of woe that made one think he had had it stamped there as a sort of trade mark. He was clad in garments of the sombres hue, and from the wide weed on his high hat to the dead polish on his broad-soled shoes he looked for all the world like a man in whose family there was

Sexten Talks of Siesson - Kilrain's Chances of Whipping Smith-A Cruster Fight Hetween Deupsey and Rengan.

ND O O R athletic meetings will begin shortly, and they are just as much in need of novelty as the trotting turf. Why couldn't it be a good idea to have some way of seeing how hard the amateurs can hit? Quick hitting, on suspended football, as pended football, as was done by the members of Sullivan's combination in the theatre of the competition to be the ora who could be tested to test the punching powers on. The winner of the competition to be the ora who could be tested to test the punching powers on. The winner of the competition to be the ora who could be the kind to test the punching powers on. The winner of the competition to be the ora who could be the kind to test the punching powers on. The winner of the competition to be the ora who could be the kind to test the punching powers on. The winner of the competition to be the ora who could be the kind to test the punching powers on. The winner of the competition to be the ora who could be the kind to test the punching powers on. The winner of the competition to be the ora who could be the kind to test the punching powers on. The winner of the competition to be the ora who could be the kind to test the punching powers on. The winner of the competition to be the ora who could be the kind to test the punching powers on. The winner of the competition to be the ora who could be the kind to test the punching powers on. The winner of the competition to be the ora who could be the kind to test the punching powers on. The winner of the competition to be the ora who could be the kind to test the punching powers on the winner of the competition to be the ora who could be the kind to test the punching powers on the winner of the competition to be the ora who could be the kind to test the punching of the punching the punching the punching the pu

sloner of Patents, at present Associate Jusof the United States Court, is a victim to hay fever. At those periods of the year in which he is a healthy man no more dignifiedin which he is a healthy man no more dignified-looking gentleman could be imagined. In business and in society he bears himself with a stately courtesy is nuasai as it is impressive. Le looks every inch a gentleman and an exclusive one. But when the proposition of heav formattives looks every inch a gentleman and an exclusive one. But when the confessed that his aristocratic physiognomy undergoes a change. The eyes are red, the nose frightfully swollen, the cheeks bloated. One morning, after a night of especial misery, he went out for an airing. There were few persons on the street, and the Hon. Montgomery walked along quietly absorbed in his melancholy reflections and a bad attack of snumes. His eye centered at length on a figure slouching up the street. It was that of a man dressed in rags and with a gait which showed him to be only partially recovered from a night of heavy drinking. His face was livid, his nose a chronicle of sprees, his eyes mere tablets for his vices to appear on. This interesting and oderiferous individual recled on down the street and finally reached Justice Montgomery. He examined him with curiosity, took in the nose, the eyes, the general look of wobegoneness, and then rushed up to him and, seizing his hand, with fervor cried:

"Allo pard! I say, leds dake a dring!"

woming the Bunge a Digitaly."

Mariin van Buren Montgomery, late Commi-

ried:
"Al-io pard! I say, leds dake a dring!"
"My good man," protested the horrified Justice
'you are making a mistake. I never drink,"
"O, come off," cried the man, "dake what you

wand."

"I've had breakfast, thank you, sir," the Justice stanchly replied, while the man continued to tug at his sleeve, "and I'm a toetotaler."

"Well then," the convivial gentleman went on, "how did you get that nose?"

It is said that the Justice got off by the payment

Honest Perhaps, But-[From the Rochester Herald.] Of course Judge Ruger's doubts are hone loubts, but they are not in the interest of justice and it is questionable if they would have been exercised in the interest of any felon save Sharp.

> October Pictures. [From Horper's Essar].]
> The pumpkin pie is yellow, The buckwheat cake is brown. The farmer's gray neck whiskers

The leaves are crisp and russet The sumac's blazing red, The butternut descending Is cracked upon your head,

The rabbit is cavorting Along the gloomy slope, The shot-gun of the sportsman T. tope: The butterfly's depar "d,

Likewise the belted bee, The small boy in the orchard Is up the apple-tree.

The country fair is blooming, The circus is no more, and on the polished brass dogs, We make the hickory roar.

The trees wear lovely colors In beautiful excess; Just like a new silk dress. The sausage soon will ripen,

The popcorn soon will pop. And Christmas things enliven - The window of the shop. Sing hi | for merry autumn, Sing ho ! for autumn gay, Whose pretty pot-pie squirrels Among the branches play.

For now no merry bluebird Upon the rose-tree toots, And autumn, golden autumn, Serenely up and scoots.

of recovery, unfitted me for any of the active

AMUSEMENTS, DOCKSTADER'S. Cleveland's Western Trip Volunteer and Thistle. "FALL OF NEW RAFYLON." Venlugs, 8.30. Raturday Matthes, 2

Evenings, 8.30.

POOLE'S THEATRE,

BY SENSE, between the are, and Briadway.

ALBAINGLON ADA CRAY

BY CHAT.

BY CHAT. Svenings, 8,30.

4 TH STREET THEATRE. Oor, 6th are
MINNE PAINTED

"The dear public liked her, "-Times, Oct. II.
In two pieces. A double buil.
Promptly at 6 o'clock the obstraints one-set operate,
will begin. And at 8.30 the popular fantace,
MY "WERT HEART. H.R.JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE

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A CADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th at, and Irving places
A CTH WEER. Evenings at 8. Mat. Sat. at 1.
Elaborate production of the latest London Helindrums
A DARK SECRET.

Reserved seate, 626, Theo. \$1, Fryung street. Sit.

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Donaisencing next Moriday Evening.
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The Programming of Mr.
who will appear as Bob Acres in
THE RIVALS.
Sale of seate begins to emeriors morning.

DANJO-HENRY C. DOBSON, MANUFATUL
antee to teach this popular instrument in one course
hen week? lessons, with regular musical nestations of he emple method without notes, as the pupil may do
HENRY C. DOBSON, 1270 Breadway.

B Evenings at 3 and Saturday Matines at 2, THE HUMMING BIRM GRAND OPERA HOUNS,

GRAND OPERA HOUNS,

Work TY ARIS MICH. ARESE RANK
Mat. IN THE GOLLEN GLAFT,

Next week CLARA MORRIS,

LYCEUM TREATRE GRANT

FIRE GREAT FINE FARE

THE GREAT F HALIA TO NIGHT AND TO MORROW.

Saturday Matines Strakosch and the Thalia Corn
Saturday evening Junkermann. "Inspector Bree

AFTER CHESTNUTS.

Clubbing the Hapless Trees, and th Wise Ones Cook the Fruit.

Saturday Matines—Strakose Saturday evening—Junksrm

The chestnut trees are having a hard to of it just now. A chestnut tree located any where near the city is fit to be a target in police clubbing school.

Parties of boys go out in all directions Sunday to hunt for chestnuts. They usually provide themselves with old broomstick handles and pickets before leaving bome. On the way any stick they come across is carried along, and when they reach a tree with even a single burr they are willing to spend the afternoon flinging sticks at it.

There are a number of chestnut trees near High Bridge, and plenty in Prospect Park, It is estimated that at least twenty clubs are thrown for every chestnut that is knocked out of its burr.

When the chestnuts are gathered in the wise ones take them home, strip off their glossy brown coats, drop them into melting butter on a hot stove, cook them like dough nuts, let them drain on a collander, and then sprinkle red pepper on them. Sunday to hunt for chestnuts. They usu

Boston's Fashion of Treating A New York gentleman has just return from a trip to Boston, struck with the Bost conese style of treating.

With his accustomed liberality he h With his accustomed liberality he had treated his Boston friends to the best. They quaffed champagne without regard to the quantity, while he was careful to see that the quality was of the best.

But there was a difference when he was invited to take a drink by his Boston friends. They issued specifications.

"They always ask," said the New Yorkes, "Will you take a glass of beer with me? Sometimes, in lavish moods, they say, "Will you join me in a claret punch?" That is always as they go. They never say, Whas will you take?"

Cliff Street Love for Bands. Cliff street in its lower portion is occ by dealers in brass goods, tinware, coal seutties and the like. It has a remarkable Every morning a German band."

Every morning a German band can be seen and heard between John and Fulton street jouring out patastic strains. To street fairly revels in the harmony and idelines the

he players _____ Not a Local Evil. In a Jacksonville hotel dining-room: men, how'll yer had yer algs dis mornin' ?" "Boiled," replied A. "Scrambled," mut-tered B.
In "Philipsen. "Mr. Johnston, hile 're good," fresh alga fur Mr. A. an' scramble a couple for Mr. B. outen dat lot o' old 'speriunced alga ober day in de cubbud."

The Business Outles was never better, judging from the demand for our new brands, "Cross Country," "Latest Eng-lish" and "White-Caps" cigarettes. All extra fine, hand-made. Kinney Tobacco Co., Naw York. "."

Well, the summer came on. It was now generally understood that I was to marry Miss Featherstonaugh. My aunt went off to Cape May, where I promised to join her later in the season, and I flung myself into the mysteries of the law. No sooner had I recommenced my studies than my mental troubles returned. One morning I went to my window to pull up the shade preparatory to dressing. There was a church clock visible from the window, and I noticed that it was 9 o'clock to the minute as I drew up the curtain. Then my fit came on. I despair of making you understand the nature of it or the intensity of my agony before and after it. I suppose that not more than three seconds clapsed between the lifting of my hand and the full paralysis of all my powers. But in that instant of time I suffered an eternity of terror. There I stood with only a dull, icy consciousness that I could not take my arm down and that life for me was suspended. Nor was this impaired consciousness continuous. It seemed to return after long, long intervals of utter extinction, like the glimmer of a distinct light, to feebly irradiate for me the awful fact that I was there yet.

"My normal functions were restored by a

tinction, like the glimmer of a distinct light, to feebly irradiate for me the awful fact that I was there yet.

"My normal functions were restored by a sound. It seemed to me then that the blood in my veins had congealed, and that the vibration of that sound liberated it. It was Ju's voice outside my door. The return of full consciousness was almost as painful as its departure, for upon this basis of organic trouble my imagination built unutterable horrors. I looked at the church. Not a minute had elapsed. It was still 9 o'clock. But what an son of misery I had gone through! Death, I said to myself, is preferable to that minute of it with life.

"The life blimbell was at the fitting fitting turns on cerebral disorders, and convinced that my brain was alected I detarmined to consult him. I knew him alightly having met him once or twice in sonicty. He was a rest validation of the them once or twice in sonicty. He was a rest validation of the them on the first had mind. He listened to me, and laughed at my fears of dementia.

[Combused in There were Experiment.]

(Continued in Proceedings Synthes World

his good taste and his ambition as I had done. It really weighed on me and aggravated me for the first two or three days. But before the week was out I began to reason with myself; that I was making a greater mistake perhaps than had my friend. Besides I wanted to see him above everybedy. sides I wanted to see him above everybody else. I had hundreds of little experiences to tell him which no one else would comprehend in the fulness of their triviality, and I was bound to go to him, whatever his circumstances and surroundings, and renew our intimacy.

intimacy.

It was a wet, cold night in November when, with his card in my pocket, I set out to find him. On my way I recalled his character and appearance when he was a student. His delicate face, into which the blood dashed with the slightest provocation; his fitful nervous energy that carried him over college difficulties when we lubberly giants, as he called us, gave out; the delicate refinement of his mind, the fastidiousness of his taste, his womanly timidity, quickness and fineness of apprehension, and his strange aversion to being left alone at night. I remembered, too, his literary talents, his brilliant prospects, his wealthy aunt, and his ettachment to Jenny Featherstonaugh, one of the most brilliant as well as the richest of the many young ladies of our acquaintance. And when I thought of his marriage, it seemed to me that somehow he would explain it all away as a ruse or a mistake when I found him.

He was living on the second story of one of those uptown buildings called apartment-houses. A buxom, pleasant-faced maid, plainly dressed, admitted me to a richly furnished sitting-room handsomely decorated with brie-a-brae and costly pictures, and I It was a wet, cold night in November when,

ment the overpowering sense of the vastness ment the overpowering sense of the vastness of the experiences that were crowded into the time that had elapsed since last we met, and which was so inadequately expressed in the words ten years, seemed to leave no room for other emotions. And when we grasped hands cordially enough and called each other by our familiar names I noticed that there was something, not exactly constraint nor yet precision in called each other by our familiar names I noticed that there was something, not exactly constraint, nor yet precision, in his manner. It seemed rather to be deliberation self-imposed that had become habitual. He was heartily glad to see me, and insisted that I should lay aside my wet garments and heavy boots and spend the evening with him in slippers. So that presently we were sitting beside his coal fire, and I was doing my best to interest him with an account of my wanderings and experiences abroad. It was not difficult to do this. I had seen a good deal of life during my absence and felt rather vain of my story, perhaps. Besides I knew enough of Melton's tastes to be able to adapt my narrative to his ears. So I rattled away glibly enough, making all sorts of allusions to the old times and the old ambitions, trying occasionally to be a little jocular, if not cynical, over the inevitable disappointments.

He let me run on for a long time, occasionally asking a question or making an observation of surprise. When, however, I alluded somewhat jocosely to his change of life and prospects, he interrupted me:

"You were in the city, I believe, a week before you called to see me?"

"It is true," I answered, "but it is easily explained."

"Be frank," he said. "You were pained

explained."
Be frank," he said. "You were pained be irank, "he said. You were pained at the news of my marriage?"

"That, too, would be pardonable in an old friend." I replied, "who had not yet vindicated your judgment by an acquaintance with the led! "

The gover pardon for not presenting you to my wife before. You shall know her. But I ask as a favor that you hear my story first. I have not told it before, nor in any way attempted to vindicate my judgment, as you not. It. It is That that I have suff the world for the woman I have married. It is also true that she was my housekeeper and destitute of

"You know, perhaps, that it was one of the pet schemes of my aunt Cornelia Blossom's life to bring about this union, and it promised through her to be one of independence as well as of happiness to me. But I threw up my connection with Drexel & Banks, I broke off the match with Miss Featherstonaugh, I abandoned all intention of carning a name at the Bar; I mortally offended my aunt and was cut off with a shilling, and finally I married my or rather my aunt's housekeeper, and turned my back on the world, becoming, in fact, a recluse. But I committed no crime. I was not the victim of a boyish passion. I was not dissipated, demented, or dull. I was pursued by an invisible fiend more dreadful than the malign monsters that tormented our race in the days of superstition. Do you remember the morning before we left college, when you came into my room and, struck by something in my face, asked me with sudden alarm what had happened?"

education, friends and money. Lovertheless feel that you will compliment me on my judge, ment, and respect the woman of my choice when you have listened to me. My story will lack the variety and color of your charming that of personal streature, but it is fraught lack the variety and color of your charming that of personal streature, but it is fraught lack the variety and color of your charming that of personal streature, but it is fraught lack the variety and color of your charming that of personal streature, but it is fraught lack the variety and color of your charming that of personal streature, but it is fraught lack the variety and color of your charming that the personal streature, but it is fraught lack the variety and color of your charming that the personal streature, but it is fraught lack the variety and color of your charming that the personal streature, but it is fraught lack the variety and color of your charming a streature, but it is fraught lack the variety and color of your charming a streature, but it is fraught lack the variety and color of your charming a streature, but it is fraught lack the variety and color of your charming a streature that the personal stream of the personal